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FIVE DOLLARS A DAY FOR POLICE

THE strike of the pilots of the police and fire boats because their pay is not raised does not come as a surprise. The men have been asking for a living wage and they have been put off with promises. It is said that in one day recently 108 policemen resigned to take positions that paid better wages and that there are now 600 vacancies on the force caused by similar resignations.

This condition cannot continue without depleting the force to such an extent that the city will be without adequate police protection. The only way to remedy it is to increase the pay of the men. They do not ask \$5 a day, which would be a fair wage, but will be content with \$1500 a year.

THE BEEF RATION

PERHAPS the reason the food administration is putting the country on beef rations, with only four meals a week at which beef may be served, is that it wishes to reduce the demand so that the price will come down.

A more effective way to bring the price down with a bump would be to order a beefless month. Then the packers would be glad to get rid of their supply at almost any price.

The consumers in the past have brought the price of Thanksgiving turkeys down to a reasonable figure by refusing to buy. The same tactic would affect the price of beef. But unless the prices do come down most of us will be compelled to go without beef whether we will or not.

The glad tidings that "politics is adjoined" hasn't reached Harrisburg yet.

THE SIX-CENT FARE HEARING

THE Street Railway Committee of Councils opens its hearings on the proposed six-cent fare rate at City Hall this afternoon.

Every person interested in the subject who has anything to say ought to arrange to be present either today or at the subsequent hearings. Councils have promised to give every one an opportunity to be heard. It must be assumed, therefore, that no attempt will be made to force action in the near future.

Every user of the street cars is interested in the subject. The case of the Rapid Transit Company will be presented by its paid attorneys. What Councils need to hear is the case of the people. And the people need to be represented by able advisers capable of meeting arguments in support of the increase.

The Rapid Transit Company wants more money and it will get it if possible. The people want good service at as low a price as is possible with sound business methods. What that price is it is hoped the hearings will develop.

Jeremiah O'Leary's "insanity" seems to be at least the same stripe as the Kaiser's.

WHEN GOWN MEETS KHAKI

THE commencement exercises of the University of Pennsylvania yesterday held a significant message for the Kaiser. It was epitomized in Provost Smith's simple announcement that more than 6000 members of the University are already in the military service of the country. When the "cloistered calm" of a nation's most venerable institution is so completely overthrown by the clash of arms, there can be no doubt of the extent or force of the fighting spirit.

Out of the present graduating class of the University half have already gone to make part in the war. Of those who remain, many received their degrees in blue or khaki. And our own University is but a small part of all the great colleges and universities throughout the United States. For tens of thousands of young men this year the familiar words of good-bye are fraught with a new and vital meaning. For them the "battle of life" has become a grim struggle of speech, and has ceased to be a mere academic exercise. They have labored laboriously during the last four years to prove of only incidental service to the world. But they are dedicated, in this way, to a more vital than any other service.

GERMANY EXHAUSTING HER PRECIOUS "TIME RESERVES"

A Leaf Torn From Tomorrow's Calendar Will End the Spring Campaign, Which Has Failed of Primary Objectives

THE advent of summer tomorrow will mark the exhaustion of nearly one-half of Germany's reserves in an asset which her leaders clearly recognized as a prime agent of victory. No "inside" information prompts this statement. Any man with a calendar can figure it out for himself, for the precious "commodity" of time permits of no jugglery by the statistician.

Germany may have far vaster manpower than even the most pessimistic of our war critics have imagined. She may be already wasting her human reserves in prodigal fury. History will some day disclose the actual facts, but one doesn't have to wait so long to digest others of equal, perhaps superior, importance.

Be the Hun's army resources either greater or fewer than we have thought, there can be no question of their inferiority to the full massing of America's man-power. Time alone is needed for the forging of that tremendous weapon, and time is precisely what the German high command determined not to grant us when Ludendorff and Hindenburg resolved to "clean up the war" this summer.

Approximately seven months was accorded them for conducting the titanic enterprise. Adhering closely to the calendar, which now affords us so significant a guide as to chronological "wastage," the first great offensive was fixed for March 21 as a prelude to further major operations designed to win a decision in the war before 1919, when the Americans would be present in preponderating numbers.

The hopeful tone of Bonar Law's House of Commons speech plainly reflects the essence of the situation. The campaigns which he reviews were unquestionably a series of defeats for our cause, yet to survey them with despair is the height of superficiality. The British Chancellor makes no such error. "We can look forward," he maintains, "upon what has happened with some confidence. In this whole campaign the Germans have had before them three great objectives. One was Paris, another was the channel ports, the third was not only the defeat, if they could achieve it, of the Allied army, but the breaking of the communications between the French and the British forces. Although the Allies have had to give much ground, not one of the enemy's strategic objects has been attained. Necessity," he adds, "has made possible what seemed impossible. The American troops are coming; they have come. Ammunition is coming into the war; she is in."

Without in any way optimistically overcoloring a situation which may change daily with startling rapidity, it is here perfectly evident that Germany has run behind a time schedule far more inexorable than any "will to conquer." Unquestionably she is using up her handi-capped without commensurate gains to show for it. Conceivably, of course, she might steal a march on time and treble the intensity and celerity of her blows. Fully that speed, however, would have to be attained to make up for what she has lost.

It is folly to crow until one is out of the woods, but surely it is permissible to acknowledge a glint of light as it peeps through the trees. This is what every lover of liberty can do tomorrow, if, as he tears a leaf from his calendar, he realizes that the spring campaign of Germany is at an end. Re-encantment of the same critical situation as regards disparity in numbers will be impossible another year and, perhaps, as the Americans keep coming, even before autumn sets in.

With characteristic modesty, Grant understated his intentions in declaring, "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." He had all the time he wanted, and would, if necessary, have used it, for even as late as 1865 the North was soberly preparing for three years more of war.

"We must fight it out on this line and have only this summer for victory" is indisputably the spirit of Germany's intent. Not even the Kaiser can put back the clock, whose every tick strengthens his foes.

"Sent New Peace Feeler" is the heading of an Amsterdam dispatch. Bad odors travel far.

THE CASE OF GENERAL BARNETT

NO ONE but the three officers affected will regret the defeat of the proposition to raise the commander of the marine corps to the rank of lieutenant general and two members of his staff to the rank of major general.

Major General Barnett is a capable soldier and an efficient organizing officer. The charge that he and his friends have been lobbying in Congress to secure votes in favor of his promotion, made with definiteness on the floor of the House of Representatives, does him discredit. If he can disprove it his friends hope that he will do so forthwith.

The need for a lieutenant general in the marine corps has not been proved. The Secretary of the Navy has expressly said that there is no reason for creating that rank at the present time. The rest of the country, so far as it thinks of the subject at all, is convinced that promotions should go to the men who are fighting in France rather than to the office soldiers at home. And it is convinced also that the man who

lobby for higher rank are the last men who should receive it. Promotion by favoritism or by pull is the last thing to which we should resort. It would demoralize the whole fighting force.

If there is need for more major generals in the marine corps they should be selected from the men in active service in France. Promotions cabled across the ocean would hearten the men over there because it would prove to them that what they are doing is appreciated at home.

The frequency with which the word "Austrian" has been lately appearing in the papers suggests that the printers are putting into their work the same "strain" under which Emperor Carl is laboring in his stressful realm.

GIVE OLDER MEN A CHANCE FOR COMMISSIONS

PROVISION for increasing the number of officers' training camps or enlarging the capacity of the existing camps ought to be made at the same time that the age limit of those eligible to the draft is raised. Men between the ages of thirty and forty-five can be utilized as officers in command in the rear and for duty in the quartermaster's and commissary departments much better than in the fighting line. Thousands of such officers will be needed, if not tens of thousands, in an army of 3,000,000 men such as Secretary Baker says we shall have on August 1.

Arrangements should be made at once for training them. And such of them as prove to be physically capable can be used in the fighting army. If the War Department is not making plans for utilizing the mature men in this way it cannot begin too soon to get busy.

That check the Kaiser got on the Marne and the Oise seems to have a substantial stub attached.

Some one has invented a new kind of needle, very easy to use, because the thread because the eye is entered through a spring slit. Will that parable about the camel and the rich man have to be rewritten?

News from Washington to the effect that the new revenue bill is more complicated will inspire no belief whatever in the mind of any one who ever tried to understand the first one.

THE MULBERRY BUSH

Why We Admire Japan

WE HAD lunch yesterday with Mr. Frank Doubleday, the publisher, and during the course of a combination plate luncheon at a table by the food administration Mr. Doubleday was speaking of Japan, having recently come back from that delightful country. He urged the necessity for complete and ungrudging co-operation between this nation and Japan. He said that the usual answer he hears when he advocates this is, "Yes, but can we trust her?"

If we don't trust her, says Mr. Doubleday, Germany will—and will be tickled to get the chance.

Certainly there can be no more important work for the diplomats of this country than to foster and increase friendship and understanding between the United States and Japan. We have no patience with those who persist in seeing some "sister menace" in every paragraph of news that comes from the East. One of the most insidious forms of German propaganda is the effort to arouse our distrust of Japan. The friendship and mutual confidence of the two nations are an essential to the safety of the world as the friendship and confidence between the United States and Great Britain.

Perhaps our love and esteem for Japan rest on very slight grounds, but at any rate our reason is a fragrant one, to wit, the tea pot. Once we read a very charming little book by Okakura Kakuzo, "The Book of Tea." In this book the Japanese passion for tea is described as more than an idealization of one form of drinking; it is a religion of the art of life. We wish every one who has ever heard the base libel that "the Japanese are the Germans of the East" would read this book, with its appealing picture of the Japanese love of simplicity and beauty. Note what it says of the song of the Japanese kettle:

The kettle sings well, for pieces of iron, are so arranged in the bottom as to produce a peculiar melody in which one may hear the echoes of a cataraet muffled by clouds, of a distant sea breaking among the rocks, a rainstorm sweeping through a bamboo forest, or of the sighing of pines on some faraway hill.

The Japanese have found a whole religion and philosophy of beauty in the naive contemplation of simple and lovely things. See how Okakura Kakuzo describes the familiar and humble beauty of boiling water:

There are three stages of boiling: the first boil is when the little bubbles like the eyes of fishes swim on the surface; the second boil is when the bubbles are like crystal beads rolling in a fountain; the third boil is when the billows surge wildly in the kettle. The cake-tea is roasted beneath the fire until it becomes soft like a baby's arm.

The Japanese have learned one of the great secrets of happiness—and virtue in this world: the surpassing beauty of the familiar things. A people that finds impassioned worship in the loveliness of a mountain's pure outline, in rain and cherry blossoms and cleanliness and obedience and courtesy, this is a people from whom we can learn much. If the Japanese ever talk of a "menace" they might well fear the menace of American ugliness and haste. How truly they might say of us: "Do you think we can trust the Americans? They have no reverence for beauty!" Both for our own sake and for the future happiness of the world let us seek co-operation and friendship with our allies of Japan.

Some people seem to think the cornflower should be utterly banned because it happens to be the Kaiser's favorite blossom. Our idea is that the Kaiser isn't man enough to take so graceful a little flower away from us if we happen to be fond of it.

Ray Baker, Director of the Mint, says he will make the Philadelphia Mint factory second to none. It's a kind of cream de mint? SOCRATES.

IN MOURNFUL "MODE"

(Being Fashion's lament for the Government's restriction of superfluous apparel for both women and men.)

CLING to the handful of clothing that's left us, Cut by a critical tailoring tool! Mars's economy plan has bereft us Of any garment unmeasured by rule. Gone are the days of the fashionable sheetrock,

Climbing so gracefully up toward the knee. Eight inches now is the length of the new top. Skirts are still shorter than ever Patee Ordered its mannequin lasses to wear 'em.

Soon they'll be having the cut of a kilt. Slimness of articles worn in a harem. She's patriotic who's slenderly built, Frugal of cloaks and is not of the taller Junoesque species of feminine kind. Maybe a hint that all waists must be smaller

Finds an indorsement in Washington's mind— Lingerie may have a sudden new meaning. Laces conserve through the presence of holes. Vanished the days of superfluous preening—

Peek-a-boo blouses allure saving souls. Paquin is silent and Worth is no longer Giving commands from the Rue de la Paix—

Mons. Uncle Sam is so very much stronger, Fashion succumbs to his bellicose sway. Once did McAllister—Ward was his first name—

Rule with his flats on trousers and vest. Came Harry Lehr—sacroscantly, rehearsed name— Newly decreeing how men should be dressed.

Who could foresee in the age of their glories That thirty inches with tapes and yardsticks Would be the "tale" of a coat and that stories

Of the perfection of proud "thirty-six," Grandly narrated of queens of the ballet, Even about jackets would be so suppressed

And that the garb of a dandy must tally With conversation's sartorial best? Where are you leading us?—Will you take heed in

Time to preserve us a tunic to wear— Isn't it straight to the Garden of Eden? Surely there's every economy there! H. T. C.

Pictures as an Investment

I HAPPENED to be a guest not long ago in the home of a college professor. It was an average home, over the fireplace in the library was a reproduction of an antique piece of sculpture, a bit of Parthenon frieze. This object was intended to give the esthetic note. To help this along there was also in the room a colored print—a good one—of an old Italian master.

THE professor, knowing that I was interested in matters of art, called my attention to his last-mentioned or one of two other reproductions. "Well," I said, "I think they're all right," and then I rashly exclaimed, "But I'm sorry you have no original paintings."

"You forget that I'm only a college professor," he protested.

NO, I had not forgotten. Moreover, I knew that he had an income of only \$2000 to \$3000 a year. So I replied: "It's only a question of whether one cares for such things or not."

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that I wouldn't like to have an original work of art as much as anybody? But—" He stopped short, as he thought explanation unnecessary.

IN the professor's library there were some books on Dutch art. Doubtless the owner had looked into them. I took one of them up and opened it to an illustration of a Dutch interior by Pieter de Hooch.

Here was a picture of a well-to-do Amsterdam house—a floor tiled with marble squares, a table covered with a rich Oriental rug, a few carved chairs of exquisite design, a wonder of a fireplace, a casement window with leaded panes, a beamed ceiling, a gray wall wainscoted with blue tiles and one or two oil paintings decoratively hung.

HOW would you like to have a home like that? I asked the professor. "Oh, that's very elegant, of course," he replied. "But there you are again: every body can have such things nowadays."

"You are wrong," I said. "I could prove it to you that any one of moderate means can have as simple and as tasteful a home as that."

He tried to change the subject. "Well, why go back to the seventeenth century for examples, I don't believe in imitating the Dutch, the Italians, the Spanish or any other people. I would rather have an American home."

"Good," I answered, for I had noticed a volume on "Old Colonial Houses" in his bookcase. "Look here," I then exclaimed. "The same thing is true, or was true once, of this country. You can't get away from the charm of a Colonial interior, can you? Its simplicity amounts to absolute austerity."

IF WE only had the courage to haul up a wagon to the front door, dump three-fourths of the things in the house into it, send them around to an auction, we could get a few hundred dollars for them. (I thought this—I didn't say it) and then one could buy a good painting or two. One would feel like the merchant of old, turning out pictures that are as fine as many of the so-called 'old masters'.

THE professor was watching me with a stolid, set to know something about them and their work, make it a hobby like any other hobby. It's one of the most fascinating in the world. You will find things in this way worth ten times their money. Yes, even commercially. The professor was watching me with an amused, could it be possible that he was

RIGHT TO THE FRONT



YOU CAN'T HURRY BIOLOGY

IT IS always fascinating to hear the problems of humanity discussed by a man who is competent to do so with the dispassion of science. Most of us react toward the grievous stresses of today according to the promptings of emotion, prejudice, hearsay and sentiment. But the scientist, who has schooled himself to view the troubles of humanity through the endless perspective of time, who hesitates to dogmatize about anything, who has rigorously steeled his mind to acknowledge Truth (even though she slay him)—the scientist brings us a message that we dare not sidestep.

DR. ROBERT T. MORRIS, the distinguished New York surgeon, has written a book, "The Way Out of War: Notes on the Biology of the Subject," which we have been reading with great interest. Human contacts and transmissions are always subject to error and we do not wish to be considered as reflecting his views with strict accuracy. But we wish to bring forward some of the thoughts he launches, as they have filtered through our own faulty mechanism.

THIS is not the last war humanity will be plagued with. Warfare-by-arms, says Doctor Morris, will continue for some centuries in all probabilities, but with ever-lengthening intermissions of peace. As long as autocratic nations remain there will be wars; and there are probably many more autocratic nations seeding in the husks of Time. Still, autocracy is on the wane. It has been tested with its own instruments and found wanting.

SOCIOLOGY and history do not show us any way out of warfare; but biology does. It is a fundamental law of nature that any species must not prey on itself if it is to survive. Bears do not kill other bears, foxes do not kill other foxes, dogs do not kill other dogs of the same breed. (There may, of course, be accidental exceptions.) But man has transgressed against this law of life and set about killing his own kind.

NATIONS are groups of hybrids, which for racial and ethnic reasons have the unfortunate habit of developing strong antipathies for each other. Such matters as commercial rivalry and religious differences are often offset rather than cause, seated in some subtle racial habit of mind. Take the case of north and south Ireland, for instance. The Ulstermen are a Nordic-Alpine stock; the south Irish are Mediterranean-Alpine. This is a racial contrast that gave rise to the shillalegh.

There are four marked subspecies of man: Malay, Aryan, Tartar and Semitic. Of the Aryan subspecies there are three varieties: Mediterranean, Alpine (which includes the Slavs) and Nordic (includes English and Germans).

The crossing of species produces what the biologist calls specific hybrids; the crossing of varieties produces varietal hybrids. The specific hybrids are apt to show undesirable and willful characteristics. (The mule is a specific hybrid.) Mexico's political troubles, Doctor Morris suggests, are due to the fact that she is, racially, a specific hybrid, a cross of Spanish and Indian. The varietal hybrids, however, exhibit more durable characteristics.

THE Prussian is a Nordic-Alpine hybrid. In whom the aptitude for mass action has developed to a remarkable degree. It is an aptitude for Prussians to get into

The Readers' Viewpoint

Says Post Isn't a Socialist
Sir—Your editorial reference to Louis F. Post as the Socialist Assistant Secretary of Labor is a misstatement. Mr. Post is a dyed-in-the-wool orthodox single taxer, and would very likely resent being named as a Socialist. Being orthodox, of course, limits a person's horizon, and it has been said that orthodoxy is mental constipation. I can understand how a thinking person could become a single taxer, but not how a really thinking one could become a Socialist. The single taxer is much nearer a solution of industrial problems than the Socialist, but his remedy is only about 20 per cent correct at that. ANTHONY E. CROWELL, Philadelphia, June 18.

Try to Do Your Share
Sir—There's no need to be a slacker. There are things that you can do for justice and humanity. For God and country too. Loyal men are wounded, dying in the struggle over there. If you can't go across and fight then try to do your share. There are many things that you can do. Should you but listen to your heart; For every true American Must want to do his part. The "Greatest Mother" in the world Whose voice above the guns Is calling through the Red Cross To help—to save her sons. Counted not as gold and silver— Are the dollars that you give; Counted rather as your wishes That democracy might live. Our brave boys give their blood, their lives, While fighting over there; If you can't wear a uniform, Then try to do your share. HARRY RENDELL, Philadelphia, June 18.

Patriotism of a Five-Year-Old
Sir—How is this for a patriotic youngster? A tired workman was going along a city street on his way home from his daily toil. Plopped up under his arm was a good-sized flag. Wishing to rest a minute or two, he sat down on a step placing the national emblem beneath him. He had been there only a minute or two when a five-year-old kid halted him with, "Say, mister, don't sit on the American flag. If a cop sees you, you're liable to get arrested." The man smiled and said, "Geo! I never thought of that. Here's a nickel for your brightness." And tugging the boy a coin he resumed his journey. C. E. B., Philadelphia, June 18.

What Do You Know?
QUIZ
1. Who is president of Yale University?
2. Which is the Blue Grass State?
3. Name the author of "The Princess."
4. What is the qualification of an "ace" in the air?
5. What is the highest rank in the American army?
6. Who is the Secretary of the Treasury?
7. What is the difference between an "sole of life" and an "sole of swet"?
8. Who was "The Cobler of Wespacott"?
9. What is the capital of Nevada?
10. Identify "The Iron Duke"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. Admiral is the highest rank in United States Army. The present ranking officer in a vice admiral.
2. General Grant took an important part in the defense of Paris in 1870. He is now an important general in the Balkans.
3. Pelee is a kind of strong-flavored, black Louisiana tobacco.
4. Charleston is the capital of West Virginia.
5. Goldenrod has been most generally proposed as the national flower of the United States.
6. "The Martian" is a novel by George Du...
7. Queen Elizabeth is the wife of King Albert of Belgium.
8. Vienna is an important town of Finland, an arm of the Gulf of Finland.
9. Major John Bull was a member of the British Army. He was one of the best of the Cobblers of Wespacott.
10. Frederick the Great was a Prussian king.

At any rate, Mr. Hoover can't put any restrictions on these political "love feasts."

The Kaiser is reported to be bronzed with a healthy tan from his little journeys on the battlefields. Can it be Hunburn?

That business of getting married by telephone graph will make some bachelors tremble every time they see a yellow envelope. Suppose some girl in Kalamazoo took it into her head to marry us, and just started the wires buzzing!

One bottle of rum recently sold in London for \$250.—News Item. Fifteen men on a dead man's chest. New Song. Yo, ho, ho! and a thimble of rum. War and taxes had thus compressed Yo, ho, ho! potatoes of rum!

The Hapsburg Huns haven't crossed the Piate yet. I just can't make my troops Piate! Iaments Karl, while the Magyar and the Jung-Slavs and the Czechs-Poles are slaying across the Piate.